

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

WORDS BY

EASTER TIDE.

AN ANTHEM WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

MUSIC BY

WALTER DAMROSCH.

The Musician
and the Poet.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

When Tennyson died, leaving vacant the post of poet laureate, his worthiest successor was generally admitted to be Sir Lewis Morris. This was on the general understanding that Tennyson, by his long occupancy of it, had elevated that office from its former indifferent status to a position which would henceforth command the respect of poets of the first class. When, however, the appointment was given to Alfred Austin, whose name had hardly been considered by persons of cultivation and sound literary judgment, it was apparent that the laureateship had lapsed into the condition in which Colly Cibber found it and in which Lord Byron scorned it.

Sir Lewis Morris is England's chief poet of the old school. He is a classicist, of lofty inspirations and dignified expression. For nearly half a century he has been identified with the best literary life of England. He was born at Camarthen in 1832, and was educated at Jesus College, Oxford, graduating in 1855. His best known and most highly esteemed work is "The Epic of Hades," published in 1876. In 1890 he published "A Vision of Saints," a work of great power and beauty. His first volume appeared in 1871, and was entitled, "Songs of Two Worlds."

At the time of the Prince of Wales' installation as chancellor of the University of Wales the fact was considerably commented on that the new laureate was not invited to write the ode for that occasion, Sir Lewis Morris being chosen instead. Though advanced in years, the poet maintains an active interest in all literary matters, and does not allow his own pen to suffer from disuse. The Easter Anthem which he wrote for the Journal is a good example of his style.

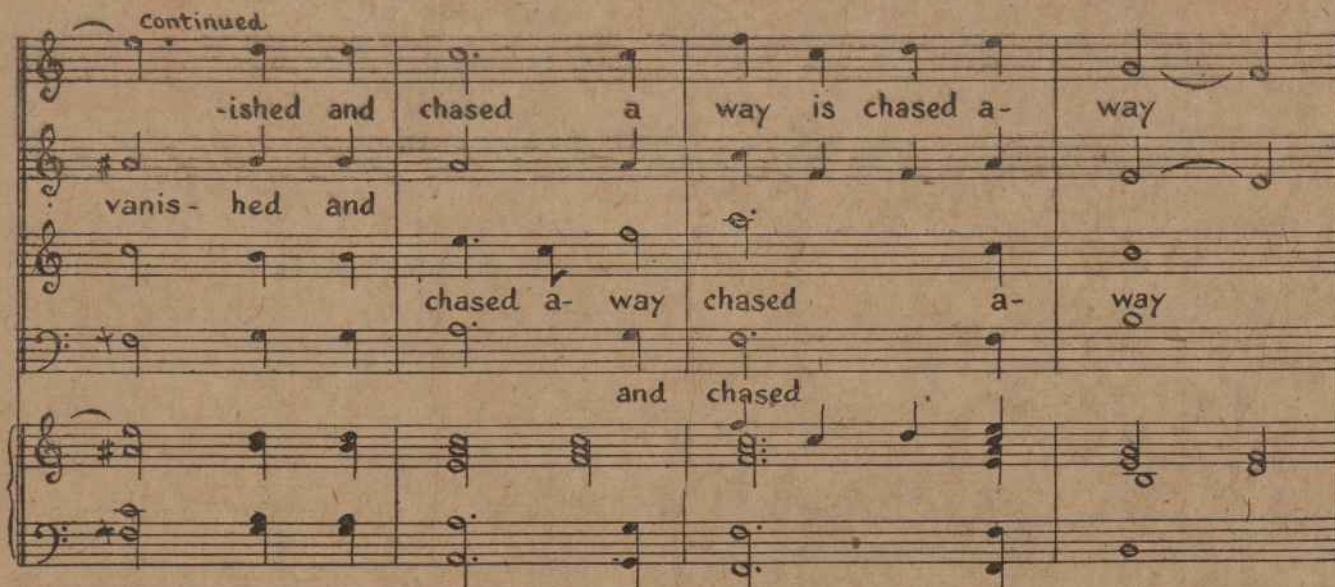
WALTER DAMROSCH.

The composer of the Journal's Easter anthem occupies a position with respect to music in America second to no one. Although he was born in Germany, and did not arrive in this country until he was nine years old, his musical career in this city, practically beginning upon the death of his father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, who, for many years had no superior as a conductor, he may properly be claimed as a musical product of this country. And America contains no firmer believer in its musical future than Walter Damrosch.

It is to Walter Damrosch that patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House owe the season of Wagner operas in German, and the importation of Lilli Lehmann and other great exponents of the Wagner Music Drama. Mr. Damrosch is a staunch Wagnerian, and has devoted a great deal of his time to lecturing on the symbolism and musical significance of the German master's "Ring of the Niebelung." It is safe to say that the popular knowledge of Wagner and his works in America, more accurate than in any other country except his own, is due more to the efforts of Mr. Damrosch than to those of any other man.

Mr. Damrosch's career as director of the Symphony and Oratorio societies is too well known to call for remark. He learned the use of the baton before he was out of knickerbockers, and was fully competent to begin where his father left off. Walter Damrosch's most pretentious work as a composer is his opera, "The Scarlet Letter," based on Hawthorne's famous novel. His exacting duties as director leave him little leisure for composition; but he expresses faith that what he does not find time to attempt in this direction other American musicians will, and with results not to be despised.

A few years ago Mr. Damrosch married a daughter of James G. Blaine. They live in New York the greater part of the year, and enjoy a social position equal to that which Mr. Damrosch has won in the field of music.



Let the stilly Earth, her bosom deck with flowers,
A bride with pure calm eyes;
Let the still sea reflect the cloudless skies;
To-day deep joy is ours;
The Springtide of the Soul at length is born,
The Lord is risen, is risen, this is his Easter morn.

Earth, oh Earth! Rejoice, oh soul! Rejoice,
The Lord is risen to-day!
Let all things bring forth a cheerful voice,
The Lord is risen to-day!
No more Death binds us in eternal pain,
He is risen, is risen indeed! He lives and reigns again.